

FROM SAVANNAH.

Boeing of the Provost Court—Turning Out Loylists and Putting in Rebels—Treason Still Rampant—The Last Feather on the Cane—Business and Crops.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

SAVANNAH, Ga., June 28, 1865.

There are some things here that I think need looking after. I forward by the mail which will carry this a Savannah Republic of June 27, containing the proceedings of the Provost Court returning to their former owners large amounts of property. In every instance, I am informed, the owners are Rebel officers. I will copy several, and append such information as has come to my knowledge.

" Permission is granted Mrs. J. S. Montmoliot to possess the well-described property, viz.: lot after I Market-square, excepting the portion used for the school. It is recommended that rent for the portion used for the school be paid from the Post Civil Fund."

This Mrs. Montmoliot comes forward in her own name, and, as she is a widow, it might seem hard in the sight of some parties that she should be deprived of her property. Mrs. M. is the widow of a former negro trader here, who was blown up and killed in a steamer about some three years ago, while he was transporting some three hundred of his human chattels to a market!

It is almost needless to say that these poor creatures shared the fate of their master. It is but a few days since

a son of this Mrs. Montmoliot has returned to his home in this city, from the North, where he was confined as a Rebel prisoner.

The subject spoken of is a colored school, of which Mr. James Porter, a very intelligent colored man, is principal. I visited it yesterday, and found it progressing finely. Mr. P. appears to take a lively interest in the instruction of his pupils, and they seem to appreciate their privileges. Our little fellow told me he went to school before the Federals got possession of the city, though he had to conceal his books as he trudged to school. It seems that a colored school was taught clandestinely, and the teacher and scholars stood in constant fear of being detected by the police, who were very vigilant in ferretting out such infraction of the laws. I asked him how they eluded their scrutiny. He said they had their school in an out-of-the-way place, and when the police made a descent upon them, and then scampered into an adjoining yard and went to play as though nothing unusual had occurred. But once in a while they were caught, when both teacher and scholars were placed in the lock-up, tried and condemned. Surely, this was obtaining an education under difficulties!

" It is scarcely credible that Maria (colored) remains on the farm of Richard Lane, in Bullock County, until the crop planted by herself be harvested, and that her rights in the crop so planted be protected."

This Richard Lane has been at home just eight days from the North, where he was imprisoned for treason.

" Upon the petition of Henry McAlpin, for permission to occupy and control the property, viz.: an island on the Ogeechee River, in the County of Chatham, the following decision was given:

" Wit: Permission is granted, subject to the rights of all persons who have planted crops on the island, and also subject to such orders as the military authorities in Georgia concerning the same, for the benefit of Freedmen."

This Henry McAlpin was lately an officer in the Rebel service, and when I tell you that this island is some five or six miles long, fertile and valuable, you may wonder if it is not worth considerably more than \$20,000.

" Upon the petition of Jacob Wellingburg, for permission to occupy and control property, viz.: an island in the County of Liberty, in the State of Georgia, called the Island of St. Catharine, the following decision was made, with permission granted, subject to the rights of all persons who have planted crops on the island, and also subject to such orders as the military authorities in Georgia concerning the same, for the benefit of Freedmen."

Jacob's case is similar to McAlpin's.

Now it seems to me that this Provost-Judge Parsons is "going it" rather strong in restoring to these freshly returned Rebel officers such valuable property. I hope it may be noted.

I have lately had conversations with a number of Rebel prisoners returning home, and while they acknowledge that they have taken the oath prescribed by Uncle Samuel, there seems to be a mental reservation lurking in the minds of some of them. One in particular predicts that if the Government does not accord to the Southern people equal rights with the North, that, years hence, there will be a "nigger" fight than that which has just been experienced. And I see, by mingling with the people here, that there exists a bitterness of feeling away down their throats. They are woefully ignorant of the facts of the case, and need to read THE TRIBUNE that they may be enlightened.

Speaking of THE TRIBUNE reminds me of the following incident, which took place in The Memphis Appeal office three or four days after the Presidential election in 1860. Some twenty-five leading Douglass politicians from Northern Georgia, Northern Alabama, Northern Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri and Kentucky came into the office, and after passing the time of day the conversation was opened by one who seemed to be leader, with: "Well, Mr. Dill, it seems that Abraham Lincoln has been elected President for the next four years." "Yes" said Mr. Dill. After conversing all around for some time, till it seemed to be unanimously conceded that their only policy was to go home and endeavor to induce their friends and neighbors to submit to the decision of the country, the leader broke out in a stentorian voice, saying: "Well, I can endure Lincoln's rule four years, and if it wasn't for just one thing it would be tolerable." "What is that?" one inquired. "Now, I suppose," said he, "that THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE will flood the mails coming into the South." But, nevertheless, the whole party agreed to "grin and bear" the dire infliction.

I understand that that the Provost-Judge of Hilton Head has been making similar decisions restoring Rebel property in his bailiwick as Judge Parsons has here, and that the knowledge of them coming to Gen. Saxton, he has countermanded the order. If so, good, I say.

Business is full, though the papers are rejoicing over the fact that several full rigged ships are at the wharves discharging cargoes preparatory to taking in return cargoes of cotton. I noticed the Caravan of New-York and the Northampton of Bath, Me. Cotton is coming down the river in considerable quantities.

As to the crops. Where seed has been planted, it has sprung up and promises a bountiful yield.

The railroads are destroyed in all this section of country, and it will be months before they can be put in running order, while the highways are almost impassable. The people seem to be utterly paralyzed, and are not doing much to improve their pitiful condition. Perhaps more anon.

WALTER.

Commercial Condition—Cotton—Prices of Produce.

From Our Special Correspondent.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Friday, June 30, 1865.

Commercially, we continue almost lifeless; not dead, but so much enfeebled and exhausted by a four years' destructive war, that it will require some time for resuscitation and to cheer us up, by becoming familiarized to the depressing effects of our heavy losses, and feel a hope of better days ahead. Just now we are all too desponding from the stunning blows we have recently received; and our available capital having been either lost or locked up by the Government taking all the cotton out of the market and leaving no dollars in its place, with only a distant prospect of even a small remuneration, and the want of transportation by railroads and steamboats to bring the cotton from the interior to our market; so we are quietly living in the hopes of the future, which looks I apprehend cannot be realized until the return of the usual business season of the Winter. The lack of capital, transportation and spirit, somewhat paralyz our commercial energy, but the recuperative power of the American people is too great to allow the energies of the American people to remain in a dormant state very long; we will soon be alive again, and be duly employed repairing damages. We will show a determination to rival Yankee energy and perseverance, and if possible outstrip the North in the

race of money-making. We will, for a time at least, void your city views of extravagance, fashion and needless displays, and save our profits and means.

About 1,000 bales of cotton have been received here from August during the week—the first week of important receipts, some on Government account, mostly for speculators, but little for sale here, leaving but little of its value in its pathway—all destined for the great commercial vertex, New-York; your city being the center of all our moneyed world and of dissipating enjoyments, necessarily attracts the movable property and corruptions of the whole country. Seemingly enough cotton has been sold in our market to establish prices for quotation, good middlings selling at \$4.00/bale; Sea Island, or long staple cottons, at \$3.50/bale. Bales, \$7.00 per 100 lbs., \$6.00 to \$15.00/bale freight on cotton has been paid from Augusta to this city, on steam and paddle-boats. A large number of new stores have been established here by Northern merchants, with more stock than we have money to pay for, and many of our old merchants have removed their store rents. Help out of your abundance of capital, and we shall not die, but yet thrive and recover from our present decadency and poverty—help the weak, the strong can take care of themselves. Support and encourage us, and spare us from the cutting rebukes, which I regret to notice so often appear in your columns.

FROM THE MISSOURI TO THE PACIFIC...V.

From Denver Westward—Indian Experiences—Emigrants Murders—Attack upon a Mormon Train—Life at the Stage Stations—Women—Drivers—Mountain and Desert—Antelope-Shooting—Wolves—A Grizzly Bear—Bridge's Pass—Church Music by Moonlight—Fort Bridger—Snowshoeing in June—Echo Canon—Mormon Elders—Salt Lake City.

From Our Special Correspondent.

GRAND SALUT LAKE CITY, Utah, Tuesday, June 15, 1865.

Last Winter a United States Senator declared in his place that the only hostile Indians on the Plains were a few kept by Ben Holliday, and brought out whenever he needed a new mail appropriation or an excuse for non-performance of the service. For course, many people in Colorado have said "I wish the Indians might catch Mr. Colfax's party, for that would stimulate the Government to protect us."

The "noble savage" did not catch us; but he came quite too near for comfort, and compelled us to spend eight days in accomplishing the 600 miles from Denver here.

The schedule time is five days and a half. We traveled semicircle with an escort, sometimes without,

and when the police made a descent to receive them, and then scampered into an adjoining yard and went to play as though nothing unusual had occurred. But

once in a while they were caught, when both teacher and scholars were placed in the lock-up, tried and condemned. Surely, this was obtaining an education under difficulties!

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Bridger, 8,000 feet above the sea, with gurgling little rills threading its green paradise ground, and supplying the nest log barns, is a beautiful spot. Here the road branches, the North Fork going to the rich Montana gold diggings. The post-office, whose great warehouse is crowded with goods, does a business said to net \$50,000 per year. We did ample justice to his hospitable breakfast and listened wonderingly while his pretty daughters and their governess evoked music from their piano. The instrument answered spiritfully to their touch, manifesting neither lassitude nor difficulty after its journey of 2,000 miles from New-York, one-half of it in an ox-wagon.

When we passed on the day was charming. Coming from a desert dreary as Sahara, we began to see mountains that rival Switzerland and skies of more than Indian beauty. The air was soft and warm; flowers shone and muskets buzzed about us, though patches of snow were on all sides. From the ridges we looked over an immense area of green valleys, gay with flowers and bright with silver streams, and mountains of every hue, dotted with dark cedar, rugged with rocks, and streaked with snow, fading into dim, dreary clouds. Once we stopped the coach, and in a little aspen thicket where the snow was 15 feet deep, had a rough and tumble snowball-fight. But of this diversion we soon discovered that man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. So on this 10th of June, with well-panted faces, slinging ears and aching heads, we came back over the green sword, among the muskets, roses, sunflowers, violets, daisies, and forget-me-nots, to the dusty road.

We dined with a Mormon Elder, whose young wife rarely gave us a glimpse of her black eyes. The driver assured us that she was his fifth—that her four predecessors all ran away from him. From his cheerful good humor I think he classes them among blessings which brightened when they took their flight.

That evening we passed through Echo Canon, twenty miles in length. It is a wonderful gorge in the mountains, where the snow often slides down and overwhelms travelers. A party of five perished during the last winter. As we crossed its flashing stream, and rattled over crazy log bridges, the scene grew wilder and wilder. On the left steep, grassy, snow-covered slopes; on the right an abrupt wall of rock conglomerate, with talus fields sweeping into it, with swallow's nests plastered to its jaws, and those "dewy mousons of the ears" twittering about them. Here the Mormons fortified on the approach of Johnston's army in 1865. Their rifle pits in the valley, and their little stone houses with loop-holes on the very top of the dizzy bluff, are still visible. Higher and higher towers the stone wall on our right, until at last season as I dressed with the hammer, true as lined by the plumb, it reaches an altitude which I am assured is more than 2,000 feet. To see Echo Canon is worth a journey across the Atlantic.

On Sunday morning we breakfasted with a Mormon Bishop from Essex County, Mass. One of his wives died the previous day, and others, left to attend her funeral, and the Bishop, with his wife, were the only ones left. We dined with them, and the Bishop, with his wife, were the only ones left.

Sunday morning we crossed the divide between the two basins of the Colorado, and reached the head of the valley, and the little stone houses with loop-holes on the very top of the dizzy bluff, are still visible. Higher and higher towers the stone wall on our right, until at last season as I dressed with the hammer, true as lined by the plumb, it reaches an altitude which I am assured is more than 2,000 feet. To see Echo Canon is worth a journey across the Atlantic.

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